Boston, Oct. 21, 1835.

Dear and venerable Sir:

A living epistle is so much more valuable than a dead one, as almost to render the latter altogether needless. — That living epistle will be your own dear son Henry, whom we send to-day, as the representative of our happy and peaceful household, on a visit to the Valley of Friendship at Brooklyn. There is no topic that can interest you particularly, no piece of household or domestic information, no transaction of our friends or our enemies, which he will not be able minutely to communicate, or upon which he cannot enlarge with edification and interest. It will, therefore, be useless for me to travel over the same ground in this letter.

The period of rest (I wish, for his own sake, it were longer,) which he intends to take, is much needed by his body and mind; for his duties have been very arduous at the office, and his industry and unremitted zeal proportionate. In the midst of the great equinoctial storm which has raged all over the land, (of course I speak figuratively,) he has stood like the pine of Clan Alpine—

"Mov'd on the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock;
The broader 'tis rooted, the firmer it grows."

May health, and peace, and joy, go with him; may his visit prove as delightful as was mine; and may his presence be as cheering to you all, as is the morning light to those who watch impatiently for its coming. His absence from us will make a void in our little family circle, which will be severely felt; but we give him up, for a time, with cheerful resignation, that you may be gladdened by his company.

Henry will be somewhat disappointed in not meeting brother George at Brooklyn, although he will probably see him at Providence. Perhaps it is well that they visit you alternately, as one will supply the absence of the other.

My health has been extremely good since I left Brooklyn, for which, as well as for other mercies, continual gratitude is due to God. My mind is in a peaceful and happy frame; for faith, and hope, and love, make it their abode. I desire to cease wholly from man, and to rely upon nothing but the promises of Him who cannot lie. Oh, what insanity marks the conduct of those who, professing to believe in the existence of a God, and in the authenticity of a divine revelation, do nevertheless live without His fear before their eyes, but consult that fear of man which brings a snare! How is Christ wounded in the house of his professed friends! What a mean, dwarfish, corrupt, partial, limited, oppressive Christianity is that which generally prevails in our land! How it takes tithes, with all care and exactitude, of mint, cummin and anise, but neglects judgment, mercy and faith! How basely it cringes to the powerful! how swiftly it runs from danger! how, in the hour of trial, like treacherous Peter, it curses and swears, and denies all knowledge of Christ! how amicable are its relations with Belial! how self-approvingly its transforms the image of God into an image like unto a beast, and buys and sells for gold, or exchanges for mules and swine, the souls for whose redemption the Son of God came down from heaven! how it relies for safety upon fortifications, and naval ships, and an armed host, and rushes to the bloody strife to avenge the slightest insult offered to its dignity!

The spirit of the Lord is now striving mightily with this nation, and the nation is striving as mightily to quench it; and in doing so, it is revealing to the eyes of an astonished world an amount of depravity and heathenism, that makes the name of our Christianity a reproach. Nevertheless, let the worst appear; let not one sin be covered up; let the number of the rebels, and the extent of the rebellion, fully appear; let all that is dangerous, or hypocritical, or unjust, among us, be proclaimed upon the house-tops; and then the genuine disciples of Christ will be able skilfully and understandingly to carry on the war. A large number than Gideon had is left to us, and the same omnipotent arm is ready to be bared in our defence.

Not having received any letter from you since I left B., I hope to be favored with one when Henry returns. It was my intention to write to sister Sarah or Anna by this opportunity, but the chaise is now at the door, and the moment of separation has come. My dear wife has written to Anna, whom we confidently expect will come to Boston with Henry. Assure all at home of my constant remembrance and increasing love; and give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, Dr. Huntington and Dr. Whitcomb, and all my anti-slavery friends, both male and female, who call at your house.

Trusting it may be the will of heaven to preserve your valuable life very many years longer, I remain with all fidelity and affection,

Your dutiful son,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

George Benson, Esq.

Brooklyn,

Ct.